

March 10, 2020

TPC Explosion - Thanksgiving 2019  
Tuesday - November 26, 2019

FILED

2022 SEP 15 PM 1:54

CLERK  
U.S. DISTRICT COURT

Like any normal Tuesday before Thanksgiving, I was trying to wrap up my last full day at work while my wife managed to pick-up last-minute grocery items for our family Thanksgiving dinner. We were hosting our families, so the house still needed to be cleaned. It was a very busy afternoon for our family, but once we laid down that night to go to sleep, we did not know what was in store for us and our community.

My son, who was 17 months old at the time, really slept well in his crib. Our nightly bedtime routine was bath by 7:30 pm then lay him down in his crib at 8:00 pm with a sound machine to help him fall asleep. Nothing was different about our routine tonight.

Wednesday - November 27, 2019

At 12:30 am my son awakens with a cry that neither my wife nor I had ever heard come from him before. I like to think of it as a gift from God because we grabbed him and brought him in our bed to console him. Thirty-four minutes later TPC exploded.

I was drifting off to sleep as my wife rocked our son. I woke up to our house rumbling and jumped on top of them, convinced this was the last time we would be alive together. I have NEVER felt fear like that before. Not knowing what just occurred, we called our parents to check on them and through that process discovered a plant blew up. Thirty minutes later my good friend, who is a fire fighter, called to tell me they were evacuating those that lived by the river and to relocate. Not knowing how much time we had before another potential blast, we packed a bag for my son, loaded up the dogs and headed to my sisters in Beaumont.

I didn't sleep at all that night after arriving to my sisters. My wife laid down with our son, but I know her rest was limited as well. News channels were covering the explosion and questions were piling up in our minds. How did a plant blow up? What were we breathing? What is wrong with our home that we did not see? There was always talk of that being a possibility but working 8 years in and out of the local refineries I just knew they had to have been doing their due diligence to protect the community. Little did I know just how little they were actually doing.

By 10:00 am we were heading home not knowing what our immediate future looked like. The plume could be seen for miles and the feeling driving towards it was unsettling. What exactly was in the plume? What kind of harm would we be returning to? Surely, it's safe otherwise there would have been an evacuation ordered. The wind direction wasn't blowing toward our house, so we figured we were good in the immediate future.

Sometime around 2:00 pm, I'm in our front room playing with my son and his toys trying to make the most out of a scary situation. My wife is sitting at our kitchen table looking out the back yard with a perfect seat to watch the plume. She calls out to me that she thinks it's getting worse as the smoke becomes darker. She yells to see if I just felt something and to hurry and come look. As soon as I rounded the corner to face the plant the second explosion occurred which sent a tower flying through

the air. My son comes running to me crying in fear. It didn't take long for us to pack everything up and head for my brothers-in-law's place in Houston. An evacuation was ordered for a specific radius from ground zero, we were in that radius.

Thursday - November 28, 2019 through present day

We spent a few days in Houston with my brother-in-law and crashed his roommate's family Thanksgiving dinner. I believe the first press conference took place that morning. Honestly, it was all one big blur. From the moment the TPC representative spoke I knew we were in a bind. "We do not know what chemical is burning." "Our network was ruined so we can't access what is in the tank or how much." "What could be in the air is an irritant." If any of those statements were true, someone should have been fired a long time ago.

Upon the return to our home, I didn't see any broken windows and our doors didn't blow in. To the average Joe, all was fine with my home. We were so scared to sleep in our own beds. I felt sick to my stomach that I could not feel safe in my own home. A week later a voluntary evacuation was ordered due to a gas leak. We ultimately received evacuation reimbursement a few weeks later, which really helped out as we spent quite a few dollars on items while out of town because we left in such a rush. This is how Global Risk Solutions (TPC Hired Claim Adjusters) would get ahold of me to walk through the house to verify the damage done. Our first estimate I feel the adjuster was thorough and fair, but the number was so eye popping large considering I didn't expect any damage to be reported, that I did not settle with TPC. I wanted to ensure that the estimate was in fact enough to cover the repairs.

Our home was built in 2014 and we have stained concrete flooring throughout the whole house. The concrete had several significant cracks appear and are continuously getting worse. I hired a personal home inspector to check my house out. He discovered more damage and recommended a structural engineer check the house. TPC sent one out and we are currently waiting on an official report. The engineer stated that the blast did in fact cause the cracks. I reached out to a contractor for a bid and he verified the estimate provided by TPC would not cover repairs.

Life is different now. I'm more irritable and less patient. We are all experiencing some form of PTSD, including my son. I still have fears. I fear that the change in payments by TPC is going to only cause more problems for our repairs. I fear that our house will continue to get worse. I fear that our true repairs and request will go unnoticed. I just want my house to be put back together. This whole situation has been chaotic. I currently don't know what our future holds. I'm extremely fortunate and blessed that I can still lock my doors and windows to the outside world unlike a lot of people in our community. I have lost all faith that TPC, as a company, truly cared for us as a community.

Monday - March 9, 2019

My now 21-month-old has yet to sleep in his crib since the explosion.

Thanks,

Trey Gaspard